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## THE CAMDEN JOURNAL.

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And Postmasters are requested to act as our Agents.

## Poetical Department.

For the Camden Journal.

Additional words to the Conscrip's Departure.  
(JEANNETTE AND JEANNOT.)

Jeannette has not quite enough of Patriotism,  
But if dark oppression's hand be'er raised against  
our land,  
I would tell you go and fight, with your Country's  
faithful band.  
Sooner die upon the field and leave Jeannette with  
broken heart,  
Than to see your Country ravaged or to act the  
Traitor's part.  
For I could not love you well if you were not brave  
and true,  
And my heart would have less sorrow at this long  
and sad adieu;  
But the one you left behind can your heart ever  
forget,  
For if I were Queen of France I'd still be to you  
Jeannette.                      CONSTANCY.

### THE GOLD-SEEKER'S GRAVE.

He sleeps beneath a grassy mound,  
Near Sacramento's golden ground;  
Where o'er his head a single block  
Stands broken from the solid rock:  
A few wild wood trees round him grow,  
Whose bending branches droop below;  
And dell flowers bloom amid the shade  
Above the grave where he is laid.  
No bell pealed forth its solemn toll,  
To tell the transit of his soul;  
No prayer was o'er him slowly said  
By those who buried up the dead.  
But when had ceased his languid breath,  
They bore him from his bed of death;  
And in the grave, deep dug and rude,  
They left him in the solitude.  
He slumbers on, where naught is heard  
Save the sweet song of some lone bird;  
Or the swift cascade's far-off roar,  
Where waters down the mountain pour;  
Where lofty peaks in distance rise,  
With rocky borders toward the skies;  
There in the earth's dark, shadowed breast,  
He sleeps—and calmly takes his rest.

## A Selected Tale.

From the Southern Literary Gazette.

### THE MAROON.

A LEGEND OF THE CARRIBES.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, ESQ.

Author of "The Yemassee," etc.

#### VII.

With her whole soul set upon a favorite project, Maria de Pacheco was not a person to slumber or prove afraid. She was not less sure of herself than of others. She knew the general character and temper of the Spaniard. She knew the spirit which prevailed among the crew of the *Dian de Burgos*. Though young and a woman, she had been by no means an unobservant spectator of the various events which had taken place on board since she had become an inmate of the vessel. Besides, she was a sagacious student of character, as are all women of any native intelligence. She possessed the faculty, which seems like an instinct, of seeing, as it were, at a single glance, into the moods of those around her. She knew that Velasquez, her master, was no longer the master in his own ship. She as well knew that Juan de Sylva was not very popular as his successor. One event, which had taken place a few months before, now pressed upon her recollection, and suggested to her a new auxiliary in working out her scheme.

One of the lieutenants, or as he might be called in our time, a mate, was a Biscayan named Diego Linares. He was fastidious and somewhat surly fellow, habitually; and, in the exercise of his common character, had given a rude or insolent reply to Juan de Sylva, who had rewarded him for it, very promptly, with a blow upon the mouth. The digger of the Biscayan would have answered the indignity, and was drawn for that purpose, when other parties in-

terfered: and Juan, after the first feeling of excitement had passed over, sought, in various ways, and by various civilities—which he never made unnecessarily cheap—to atone for the rashness and folly of his act. The interposition of Velasquez, himself, was finally addressed to the conciliation of the parties, since Diego was a man not easily to be dispensed with.—His efforts were apparently successful. The anger of Biscayan was seemingly subdued, but it was in seeming only. The wound still rankled and might easily be reopened. Maria de Pacheco saw more deeply into the secret feelings of the injured person than either Juan or Velasquez. She better knew the vindictive temper of Biscayan blood, which is perhaps much more tenacious of its resentments, than that of almost all other Spaniards, all of whom are vindictive.

With the first inception of her own resolution, she at once conceived that this resentment might serve her purpose hereafter, and had, accordingly, some time before, addressed herself to the task of making a friend of the discontent. She sought him at periods when the eyes of Juan were drawn from her. She sought him with an art which none possess in any degree to compare with her who has been tutored in the camp of the Zingali. She knew the habits of the Biscayan; could rejoice his ear with songs and ballads from the native province of Diego; and frequently, even when she sang before Velasquez, she adroitly chose for her themes such as were familiar to the ears of the former. These still drew him, loitering nigh, to listen, as he traversed the deck upon his midnight watch. Gradually, the parties came to speak together; and, by degrees just as insensible as those by which she had brought Juan de Sylva to believe in her newly-born affections for himself, she found her way into the confidence of Linares for another purpose. She fomented his hate for Juan; and, at length, when sure of the future purpose of the latter, she kindled the other's fears for the safety of Velasquez. It would have been easy to arouse Linares to such a degree of fury, as to prompt him to rush upon and slay Juan, with the hope, subsequently, of saving himself before Velasquez; and such was the wish of Diego; but the more vigilant Juan saw how futile such a proceeding would be, knowing how completely Juan was in the possession of his uncle's confidence. Besides, of what use to her, in her desire to rescue Lopez de Leyva, that Velasquez should escape the design of his nephew?

"No! no! good Diego," she said to the excited Biscayan; "this were only to destroy thyself. Would Velasquez believe either thy testimony, or mine, against Juan de Sylva? Thou might'st slay the one, but thou would'st be sure to perish from the fury of the other."

"I know not—the crew!"

"Soft! I understand thee! It is well that the men love thee. They should! Thou, in truth, dost all the business of the vessel; Velasquez incapable, and Juan de Sylva no seaman, and I, I row, but little of a soldier. Let then the treachery advance which thou can'st not arrest, save at thy own peril. It may be that Juan will repent; that he will not do the bloody deed which he meditates. All then will be as before, and our secret suspicions may sleep. But, it will be enough that we should keep proper watch, and if thou hast friends in the vessel—" She paused.

"They are all my friends; they care nothing for Velasquez, now that he can do nothing; and they hate the insolence of this Juan!"

"Good! then there will only need, if thou hast friends, that thou choose from among them, so that two or three of them may be ready with thyself to avenge thy captain should he meet foul play. Be ready, and I will counsel thee should I see further tokens of this conspiracy."

The Biscayan was not superior to the inducements which she had adroitly insinuated rather than expressed. He was made to behold, at the same glance, his revenge obtained upon the man who had subjected him to indignity, and the promotion of his selfish fortunes.

#### VIII.

Maria had thus secured a second agent, and made a large step toward the attainment of her object. But the days passed, and the nights followed, and still nothing decisive, on the part of Juan, tended to confirm the assurances which he had made to his wily confederate. She became anxious and apprehensive, particularly as the passion of the youth seemed to be cooling toward her. He was no longer communicative; no longer sought her as frequently as before. His manner was now hesitating, his brow clouded, and his whole appearance that of a man who was brooding over wild suspicions. But Maria was too much an adept to suffer her own anxieties to be perceptible, while she watched his with apprehension. Her doubts put on the appearance of womanly reserve, of dignified pride, of feminine sensibility, solicitous to avoid exposure. But she was equally studious not to forego the exercise of any, the meanest of her attractions. Her dress was carefully studied, and with the happiest effect; and if her brow was clouded, it was with sadness, the sweeter for the shade. She sang too; never with more exquisite freedom, or with more voluptuous sensibility, than when she sat alone, in the darkness of night, upon the deck of the slowly moving vessel. This was the third night after the last interview, which we have described, with Linares. She was suddenly joined by Juan de Sylva. She knew of his approach, but started with well feigned surprise, as his whisper reached her ears.

"Thou hast thought me a laggard, Maria."

"Nay, I have suffered no disappointment. I had no hopes of thee, Juan!"

He was piqued.

"That was because thou did'st not know me. But I have been busy in my task. It is not that I am irresolute that I am slow. It is be-

cause I would be sure. It is not known to thee, perhaps, that Velasquez hath valuable possessions in Spain. These will serve us hereafter, my Maria, when we shall tire of the sea. I have secured the papers which conduct to these. The key of his coffers is at my girdle. And now,—but, hark thee,—continue thy hal-lad. It has beguiled his fancies, and he is about to join us to be nearer thee. There! His bell sounds. I will bring him forth, and—thou heed me, Maria?"

His hand trembled with an icy chillness, as he laid it upon her wrist. Her own grew chilled with a sympathetic consciousness of what he designed.

"Thy song! Thy ballad!" he muttered convulsively as he left her, and, almost unconscious of what she did, she resumed, in accents that slightly faltered, the ballad of "Belerma," one of her favorite songs, which she had probably learned from a purer source than that of the Zingali camp.

"Quando vi o aquel corazon  
Estando en el contemplado,  
De nuevas gotas de sangre  
Estaba todo bañado."

Which may be thus freely rendered:

"When the precious heart before her  
Lay all open to her view,  
As if conscious of her presence,  
It began to bleed anew."

The voice of Velasquez—a voice that had once been equally rich and powerful—now feebly joined its accents with hers, as he tottered forth from the cabin, supported on the arm of his nephew, and sank into a seat which had been prepared beside her. Her tones subsided into silence as he approached.

"Nay, stop not," said he "let me hear thee—I come out only to hear thee, for I feel not so well to-night—not well, not happy, Maria mine. Thy voice will persuade me to a better spirit, though it sounds more sadly than is thy wont to-night; and that ballad—methinks, beauty mine, thou would'st never grieve over my heart, as the lovely damsel, Belerma, mourned over that of Durandarte." And he sang feebly—

"Corazon de mi senor,  
Durandarte muy preciado,  
En los amores dichosos,  
Y en batallas desdichado."

She continued silent.

"Sing for me, Maria—deny me not;" he said entreatingly. "I know not that I shall ever ask it of thee again. I feel as if a sentence had gone forth upon me. I feel as if I had done the wrong! My heart tells me that I have wronged thee. If thou wilt sing for me now, I know that thou forgivest me!"

"Thou should'st not give way to such fancies, uncle mine," said the nephew; "m—thinks, thou art looking better to-day than thou hast done for months past; and know I not that thou hast always been fond of Donna Maria, even as the good knight, Durandarte, was fond of the true maiden, Belerma?"

"Ah! Juan, but Velasquez is no Durandarte, to find Lis, way to the heart of a fair maiden. These days bring forth no knightly such as his. Who is it walks behind us? Methought I heard a footstep!"

"It is none but the page, Gomez," said the nephew, in somewhat hurried accents.

A thrill ran through the veins of Maria, as she remembered that the page, Gomez, was the creature of Juan, and the person who, as a spy upon her actions, first discovered the strong intimacy between herself and Lopez de Leyva. The tones of Juan betrayed to her something of his purpose, and she gathered from them the conclusion that mediated the performance of his crime that very night. Her heart smote her. She felt her own criminality; but she loathed the tyranny of Velasquez, as much as she did the cold and cruel selfishness of Juan; and it was only in the death of both that she could possibly hope to extricate, from his desolate condition, the unhappy Lopez, whom, if she did not loathe, and for whom every sentiment of humanity required that she should suffer the bloody game of Juan to go on. But she looked round, at the inquiry of Velasquez, and while she detected Gomez near them, she was also enabled to discover another and a taller form, among the shadows beyond him. In this person she fancied she saw Linares, and suddenly she commenced the Hymn to the Virgin, plaintive and touching, of the dying knight, Baldwin:

"O Santa Maria Senora,  
No me quieras olvidar,  
A ti encomiendo mi alma,  
Plegate de la guarda,  
En este trance muerte,  
Esforzo me quieras dar,  
Pues a las tristes consueles  
Quieras a mi consolar.  
Y a tu precioso hijo,  
Por mi lo pido rogarte,  
Que perdono mis pecados,  
Mi alma a ti salvar."

Which in an English idiom we may render thus:

"Holy Mary, thee beseeching,  
Lo! my soul in anguish cries,  
Take it to thy holy keeping,  
Grant thy mercy ere it dies.  
In the death-trance quickly sinking,  
To thy throne for help I flee,  
In my hour of terror drinking,  
Consolation still from thee:  
From thy precious son entreating,  
Pardon for my past career;  
And the soul its doom awaiting,  
Rescue from its mortal fear."

#### IX.

She had two objects in choosing this hymn. It was the appropriate chant of Velasquez—equally for his lips and ears—at that moment of his impending peril; and she cherished the human hope that, as in the previous song, he would join his voice with hers, and thus utter the proper prayer, to Heaven, just when it would most become his lips. Her quick instincts led her also to believe that Linares would perceive it as an intimation that the time was approaching when it would be necessary for him also to act. But Velasquez took no part in the

hymn. His head sank upon his breast as she proceeded, and he seemed to drowse.

"Dost thou sleep, uncle?" demanded Juan.

He looked up when addressed, and, in the imperfect light, it could be seen that the eyes of the invalid were full of tears.

"The Hymn saddens thought it soothes me, Maria. Why didst thou choose it? Yet I blame thee not. I would I could sing with thee. I strove, but the voice failed me, and my heart felt strange as if with a sudden sinking. I remember me to have heard that hymn, the last night that I slept in the dwelling of my poor mother, Juanita, I was innocent then! I was a lad! There was a woman that was blind,—they called her Dolores,—she sang it often beneath our windows, but I did not weep to hear it then as I do now. Yet I remember it well. I knew the ballad all by heart, and could have sang it with her; but I had wilder fancies, and I mocked the tenderness of her Hymn with a gay ballad of some bolder spirit. I could not mock her now. Thy voice hath soothed me, Maria, but sing to me no more to-night. I feel as I would sleep. Juan, give me thy arm.

The nephew started to his feet. Maria would have offered an arm also, but Juan repulsed her.

"Not thine!" he answered, in accents not so low but that Velasquez heard them.

"And why not hers, Juan?"

"Maria lack the strength! Here is Gomez."

"Maria lack the strength! Is she not well, Juan? or am I so much feebler than before?"

It must be so! I feel it so! Well! Give me help! Gomez be it, then."

A cold sweat covered the face and forehead of Maria de Pacheco, as she beheld the officious Gomez start forward at the summons of Juan. She saw Velasquez grasped by them, as if for support, on either side. The words of the latter—

"It is very dark—go'st thou rightly Juan?—rushed through her very brain with a dreadful import, the more terrible and startling, as, having herself receded toward the cabin, she did not see them approach. Then she was conscious that some one stood beside her. It was Linares, followed by another. She grasped his arm.

"Now! now! Linares!—It is doing!"

"Hence! Quick! God have mercy!"

A plunge and a most piercing shriek, were heard while she was speaking. Linares started forward. There was a sudden uproar in the ship. The alarm was given, and the men were running to and fro, while a crowd gathered on the side where the deed had been done. Another scream from the waters—a scream of agony—a cry for help, and then the stern accents of Linares prevailed over all others.

"Murderer of my uncle, bloody traitor,—I have caught thee in the act!"

"Away!" cried Juan de Sylva,—and to thy duties. Behold in me thy captain!"

"Never!" was the cry from the crew. "Di-ego Linares!"

"The heavy hand of Linares was upon the shoulder of the culprit. His confederate Gomez was in the grasp of an equally powerful assailant. The proceeding had been too well advised—the action too prompt—to suffer the cunning Juan to escape by any subtleties, and he was already given to understand that the late to which he was doomed, was that to which his uncle had been consigned. In the sudden aroused sense of danger which he felt, his impulse was to call Donna Maria.

"She is here!" cried Linares.

The proud woman had recovered all her strength of soul and courage, and the conviction that the hateful and malignant spirit whom she had once feared, was now wholly in her power, she felt an exulting sense of pleasure in being able to discard the veil of hypocrisy, which she had so successfully worn.—She steadily advanced towards the clamorous group.

"Speak for me, Maria; exclaimed the captive "tell these men,—says to Linares, that, in what I have done, I have but obeyed thy wishes!"

"As it my wishes should suffice to move the loving nephew to the murder of his first friend and most loving uncle!"

"Demonios! do I hear thee, woman?"

He was grappled instantly and firmly by the vigorous Linares. A dozen willing hands were nigh to help him in the fearful deed which he designed.

"Must I perish! Has my toil of blood been taken for such as these! Maria, dost thou indeed desert me! Speak! thou knowest my purpose—thou didst not disclaim my deed!"

"I know thee as a fiend—as one I loathe and scorn! He who would keep no terms with one so confiding as his mother's brother, will keep no terms with thee. What said I to thee before? Do thy duty to thyself and me! Revenge Velasquez, thy captain, recover the wretched Lopez de Leyva from the isle where he was put to perish, and be the master of thy ship and crew!"

"This then was thy scheme? Demonios! that I should have been blinded by this woman's subtleties!"

"Thou wast the victim to thy own vanities—thy own quickness to crime—thy own coldness of heart!" said the proud Maria.

"O! tongue of the serpent! dost thou sting me thus! But thou exultest too soon. Think thou that I have lived for such fate as this! with this wealth at my girdle—with so much of life in my possession—shall I loose life? No! off there, ye base scum and offal—off!—Ye shall hang for this like dogs—I will—"

His own terrible struggles arrested his words, by which they had been stimulated. He had much to live for, and the unwilling spirit of youth was not to be resigned so easily to the sacrifice of those delights, for which he had paid such heavy prices. His strength which was not ordinarily great was that of desperation at the moment. He fought with wonderful spirit and address, and it took three stout seamen so to

recover the mastery over him, as to lift him to the side of the vessel to which the feeble uncle had been beguiled, and over which he had been suddenly thrown. Brought to the verge of the precipice, he succeeded in forcing himself back, so that his head only hung over the bulwarks.—Suddenly, however, the weight of the powerful Linares was thrown upon him; and the crack of the neck, as it was thrust down upon the sharp and narrow thwart, could have been heard even above the spasmodic gurgle and hoarse scream of the victim by which it was accompanied. The still quivering carcass which they committed to the deep, was no longer conscious of its fate. A second plunge declared the doom of the page Gomez, whose cries had been silenced by the stroke of a dagger, while his master's death struggles were most violent. Deep and dreary was the silence which followed on-board the vessel. The rage of all parties was satisfied, and a certain, but indescribable fear was upon every heart. But none of the fruits of the struggle had been lost. A single hour had in effect rendered Maria de Pacheco, as had been promised by Juan de Sylva, the Mistress of the *Dian de Burgos*. A single sentence to Diego Linares declared the present destination of the vessel.

"The Maroon—Lopez de Leyva!"

She was obeyed; the ship was brought about, and her prow turned once more in the direction of the desolate Isle of Lovers.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## MEETING OF MERCHANTS AND FACTORS.

At a meeting of the Merchants and Factors of Charleston, held at the Reading Room, on Wednesday, the 17th July, Geo. Y. Davis, esq. was called to the Chair, and John B. DeSaussure, esq. was requested to act as Secretary.

The meeting being organized the following report was received from the Committee appointed at a previous meeting of the Merchants, viz:

The Committee to whom was referred the subject of re-weighing Cotton, have considered it, and herewith hand their Report:

It has been the universal custom in our market, to weigh Cotton upon its receipt, and if put in store and sold at any subsequent period, however remote, it was expected to be received at the original weights and this frequently to the manifest injury of the purchaser, without any means of redress. As many causes may operate in the mean time, to reduce the weight, such as evaporation, or if weighed when damp, as is very likely to be the case, and put in a dry store, it will naturally fall off in weight, and it is also exposed to waste and pilfering. All these risks seem fairly chargeable to the owners of the Cotton, as much so as any other incidental expenses incurred in holding it, and on the other hand, a purchaser seems justly entitled to all he pays for. Several plans have been proposed, to obviate this difficulty. One is to have all Cotton weighed when sold, or delivered; but this would probably be attended with considerable inconvenience to Factors, which your Committee would wish to avoid as far as practicable in any recommendation, and they suggest the adoption of a custom by which purchasers may require from Factors, that any Cotton shall be re-weighed, at the expense of the Factor, wherever circumstances may lead to the belief that such Cotton will fall short in weight, and it shall be charged at the re-weight. This seems equal to justice between buyer and seller, and your Committee are led to believe that it will not be opposed by our Factors.

In connection with this subject, your Committee would recommend to planters, the expediency of having their cotton put up in strong and good haggings, thereby rendering it much less liable to waste, particularly after handling and exposure.

Another matter has been brought to the notice of your Committee, connected with the shipping of Cotton, which they deem it not inappropriate to refer to; it is the custom of allowing members to carry bags while mending the cotton, and thereby affording facilities for taking much more cotton than would otherwise be wasted, while the convenience for selling, adds much to the inducement for pilfering; and to put an effectual stop to this evil, your Committee recommend to shippers to prohibit their menders from carrying any bags while mending their cotton.

In further consideration of this subject, as it is generally impracticable to ship cotton on the day it is bought, and unreasonable that any additional expense should be thereby incurred, it is suggested that storage should in no case commence until the day succeeding that of purchase.

Signed  
A. R. TAFT,  
JAMES MACBETH,  
THEO. HUCHET,  
JAMES S. GIBBES, } Com.  
D. C. SEIXAS,

Upon the reading of the Report, the following resolution was offered by R. Witherspoon, Esq., which was seconded by Geo. Robertson, Esq., and adopted.

Resolved, That the Report and recommendations of the Committee regarding the weighing of cotton be adopted by the meeting, and be referred to the Chamber of Commerce for early action on the subject; and that the same be published for more general information to all interested.

GEO. Y. DAVIS, Chairman.

J. B. DeSAUSSURE, Secretary.

"More trouble coming," said Mrs. Partington, laying down the paper; "there's the State of Affairs; I suppose it'll soon be applying for addition to the Union." And the old lady resumed her darning with a look of patriotic anxiety.

The New York Pathfinder computes the extent of all the Railroads now in operation in the United States at 7,677 miles.